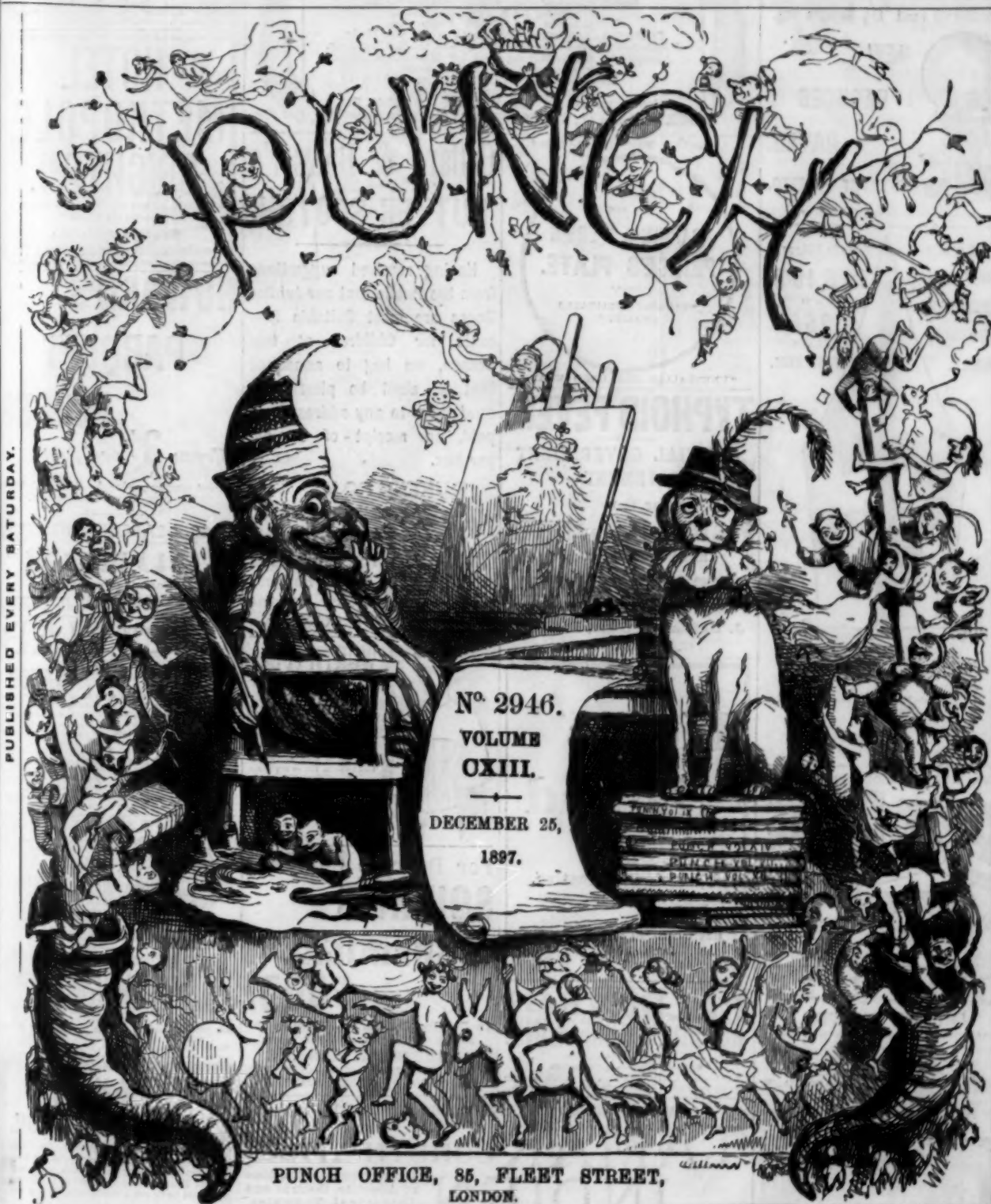


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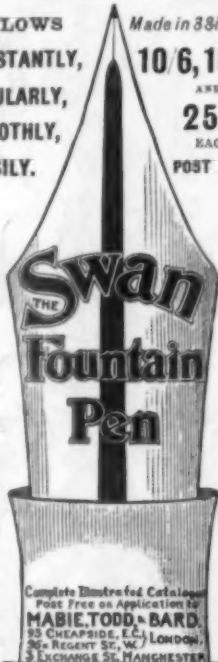


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JUVENIL F TIPPLE.

Freddy (with an air). "HAVE A DROP, UNCLE!"

Uncle (a two-bottle man). "WHAT IS IT, FREDDY?"

Freddy. "COLD TEA, WITH LOTS OF SUGAR. RIPPIN'!"

A SEASONABLE YULE-TIDE.

SCENE—Editorial Sanctum, Fleet Street.
TIME—December 24.

Editor (at telephone). Yes, I am here.

First Voice. Australia. Lovely weather, and the cricketers doing famously. Awfully hot, but not too hot for the national game.

Editor (switching on another wire). Yes, I am here.

Second Voice. America. Summer-time according to the English accent. Footer going on all right. Englishmen distinctly popular.

Editor (same business). Yes, I am here.

Third Voice. Cairo. Hot as an English July. British garrison hard at work at lawn-tennis and polo.

Editor (same business). Yes, I am here.

Fourth Voice. India. Splendid weather. Wonder how you are going on in London. Old-fashioned December, eh? Frost, snow, mistletoe, holly and fog, eh? Meanwhile, we over here are up to our eyes in golf.

Editor (switching on all wires). Well, my friends, you in all parts of the world indulging in Summer sports under a sultry sky, we wish you a Merry Christmas.

All the Voices. The same to you! And now we are all off to eat plum-pudding!

[Curtain.]

PARTANT POUR LA CHINE;

OR, THE NEW EVANGELIST.

My precious HENRY, hear my parting speech,

Ere yet you sail beyond my vocal reach! Oft have I sauntered round by way of Kiel

And stopped, like this, to take a transient meal;

But never have I sucked the local breeze In circumstances so unique as these.

To see you launched upon your First Crusade

Sends up my blood to 60 (Centigrade).

Remember, HENRY, it's a Holy War That you are on the point of starting for;

Or, bearing still in mind our trade's increase,

Perhaps I ought to say a Holy Peace.

You will remark among my sketchy plans a Design for re-establishing a Hansa!

What is a Hansa? Any one who looks Will find about it in the history books;

It was a Syndicate in ancient times For planting German goods in various climes;

It swept from end to end the briny blue As we, my HENRY, contemplate to do,

Running the Ocean on our own account As soon as we can raise the right amount.

Meanwhile I send you on to clear the way;

Ach, Himmel! what a sacrifice to pay! Think of me sometimes, HENRY, all alone

With thorns distributed about my throne! You know your brother's wish; lay hands,

my pet, On any mortal thing that you can get.

Employ, if feasible, your native charms, But, failing this, resort at once to arms.

If people in the neighbourhood resist, Let out upon them with your mailed fist;

It saves the knuckles; do be sure to take This small precaution for your brother's sake.

For longer range you carry shot and shell, In case you see a running infidel;

I also hand you here St. Michael's Shield, You'll stick it somewhere on the coaling field.

Observe the blazon—our Imperial Bird, Of which, no doubt, the dragons will have heard;

Call their attention to it; let them see The Fowl is emblematical of Me.

One dragon you will notice, should he come, Because he wears a large chrysanthemum;

HENRY, between us two, as man to man, Be careful how you jump upon Japan!

And now before you make a final clearance

(This is your positively last appearance), Before, in fact, we tear ourselves apart,

Recite that little thing you have by heart; And tell these gentlemen how you propose

To visit countries where the heathen grows, And preach abroad in each distinct locality

The Gospel of my hallowed Personality.

HENRY, my boy, I cannot lightly smother The sacred feelings of an only brother!

Pray Heaven, though we cannot go together,

You may enjoy a decent turn of weather; And when your task, your glorious task, is o'er

(I trust, without expenditure of gore) Omit not to return that I may spread

The laurels on your slightly youthful head. Charge glasses! Ere he climbs the deadly

poop, I give His Royal Highness—Whoop!

Whoop!! WHOOP!!!

**A PRINCE OF CRICKET.**

Mr. Punch. "BRAVO, RANJEE! PLUCKY PERFORMANCE!"



WE MUSTN'T ALWAYS JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.

"I SAY, BILL, YOU AREN'T GOT SUCH A THING AS THE PRICE OF 'ARF A PINT ABOUT YOU, ARE YER? I'M SO BLOOMING DRY!"

"HOCH! TOBY, M.P., AS PRIVATE REFEREE."

(From Ballads of Berkshire, by the late ANON.)

To Mr. Punch.

REVERED SIR,—In the large leisure of the Recess I have read with interest Mr. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR's account of his doings in connection with a form of inquiry submitted to him by an Insurance Company, contemplating effecting a policy on the life of one of his friends. By a coincidence, which shows how small the world is, I have had a similar application made to me, and beg to inclose a copy of my reply. I should, perhaps, say that the inimitable seriousness of the catechism is a literal transcript of the official printed form.

1. How many years have you known him?—Since the death of Queen ANNE.
2. Are you in the habit of seeing him frequently?—Too.
3. When did you last see him?—On the stroke of midnight.
4. In what state of health was he at that time?—Shaky on his pins.
5. What has been the general state of his health since you have known him?—Hopeless.
6. Do you know, or have you ever heard, that he has had asthma, any fit, habitual cough, spitting of blood, or any disorder tending to the shortening of life?—Everything of that sort, and more.
7. Do you know if any of his relations have been affected with, or have died of, consumption?—All gone; some galloped.
8. Is he subject to gout, insanity, or any other constitutional disorder?—Nothing in that way comes amiss to him. He had measles before he was three days old.
9. Are you acquainted with his ordinary manner of living?—Alas! yes.
10. Has he been a person of temperate habits?—Not since I have known him.
11. Is he now a person of temperate habits?—To some extent he is at breakfast-time.
12. Has he ever met with any serious accident?—He once fell into the coal-cellar under the impression it was the key-hole of the front door, and that his right leg was the latch-key.
13. Is there any other circumstance or information respecting

his past or present health and habits of life, within your knowledge or belief, with which the Directors of this society ought to be made acquainted?—There are several; but perhaps I have said enough.

You will observe that I have felt it right to be perfectly frank in the matter. I have not yet heard whether my friend has had the desired policy issued to him.

Yours, with esteem and respect, TOBY, M.P.
The Kennel, Barks.

A Change of Cloth.

Marybone Moderate (reading "Evening News" poster). What's this? "Billiards. Brilliant Play by DIGGLE!" Glad to see the reverend gentleman is consoling himself!

ADVERTISER, having a few Missionaries to dispose of, wishes to meet with Chinese or other purchaser. What offers? Would accept half the Celestial Empire, a brand new Navy or a Rhyming Dictionary.—WILLIAM, Potsdam.

A Polar Puzzle.

- Q. Why does HERR ANDREE resemble an obstinate voter?
A. Because he is determined to get to the poll.

Answers to Correspondents.

BLIGHTED.—You ask us to give you some remedy for "a mind diseased," and to prescribe something which will keep you from thinking about the lost loved one. Nothing is easier. Go to a chemist and ask him for 1 ounce assafœtida, 2 wormwood, and 2 Epsom salts. Mix and take in one dose. After that, you will think of nothing but how to get the taste out of your mouth for the next week.

INQUIRER.—It is rather hard to obtain an interview with a Prime Minister. The best way is to pretend to be somebody else. Of course, if the Prime Minister doesn't enter heartily into the game, why, then he wins, and you are out; pretty quickly, too. Perhaps worth trying as an experience.



MR. PUNCH AND THE POLE.

THE VERY LATEST ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

MR. PUNCH has pleasure in announcing that, undeterred by the failure of all previous expeditions, he is now on his way to the North Pole. According to the *Westminster Gazette*, an American skipper recently presented the head-man of an Eskimo community with a Punch-and-Judy Show. The Eskimo's son is now an expert at the business, and makes the familiar marionettes dance about, to the intense delight of his friends. The show is known among the Eskimos as "Boont-en-toody."

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

(A Candid Confession.)

Yes, I received, my worthy Brown,
Your Christmas present yesterday,
Quite worth, no doubt, the good half-crown
For carriage that I had to pay.
Though you passed on a gift cigar
Undue expenditure to save you,
Yet, price for price, no doubt they are
Well worth the liquor that I gave you.

That "Rare old Scotch from Special Vat"
(Although I hoped you wouldn't guess it)
Was given me—but what of that?—
A year ago, I must confess it.
Yet even so, friend (I'll engage
You had your hamper carriage free),
It may be fiery, but its age
Twelve months, at least, I'll guarantee.

But as for those cigars, all sham,
"Flor de" Whitechapel, I don't doubt it!
Sheer cabbage-leaf, not worth a—rap!
Yet I won't say too much about it,
For I myself am half to blame
(Though you forgot it, I dare say),
I recognised them as the same
That I sent you last Christmas Day.

SONGS FOR THE NATION.

"Let me write a nation's songs, and I don't care
twopence who frames its laws."—*Confosshus*.

WHILE "drinking" has been glorified by
numberless poets, eating-songs have been
sadly neglected. To help to fill an aching
void has been my humble endeavour. The
great problem was to write a song which
would be truly national by appealing to all
sections of the public. That problem I
have solved. Here it is.

NATIONAL FEEDING-SONG.

Hail, brothers! hail the festive board!
On gastronomic wing
To culinary heights we've soared,
To chuckle, feed, and sing.
With soup and fish and flesh and fowl,
Cast every care behind,
Let bitter-faced ascotics howl,
We'll eat until we're blind.

Chorus.

Jays of the table are many and rare,
None but the brave are deserving the fare,
Turkeys and pheasants and patties and
hams,
Salmon and ven'son and jellies and jams,
Here's to them all with a yell and a whoop,

And here's to the turtle when turned into
soup;

Calipash, calipee,
Are the "jockies" for me,
Hurrah for the turtle in glorious soup!

The Vegetarian Verse.

All hail the soft, seraphic joy
Of turnip-tops and greens!
Come, join our blissful ranks, my boy,
And we will "give you beans."
The soul that slays the tender sheep
Is savage, fierce and grim;
Enough to make a cabbage weep
Are cannibals like him.

Chorus.

But a cheer for the gentle and nourishing
lentil,
Hurrah for banana and pippin and "pine,"
the mushroom so merry, the succulent
cherry,

On which so serenely we daintily dine.
A fig for the fellow who turns from a
mellow

And beautiful pear for the sake of a chop;
He may go off to China, or South Carolina,
And when he has got there we hope he will
stop!

We will remain to devour at our ease
Prunes and potatoes and porridge and
peas.

The Schoolboys' Verse.

Come all you kids, and sing a song
Of peppermint and pie,
Digestions such as ours are strong,
And ostriches defy.
So ladle out the marmalade
And mix it up with cream,
Add sardines—eat the mess you've made,
Then lay you down and dream.

Chorus.

For it's cheer, boys, cheer, boys, for cho-
colate and buns
("One a penny, two a penny," so the
legend runs),
Puffs and tarts and coco-nut, and every-
thing that's nice,
And we'll give an "extra special" for the
stunning penny ice.

AFTER THE SPEECHES WERE OVER.

(An entirely Imaginary Conversation.)

Senior. Well, my dear HENRY, I think
we got over that little runction pretty well.
Junior. Yes, WILLIAM; and now your
only brother is off to China.

S. Take care of yourself, and mind you
get lots of laurels for your youthful brow.

J. Don't chaff. And I say, if you were
so proud of the Great Chancellor, why did
you kick him out?

S. If you cheek me, hang me if I don't
send you into banishment!

J. Well, a trip to the Far East, after
all, is not exactly home service.

S. But, my dear HENRY, I am giving
you as a pledge—you, my only brother.

J. Yes, a joke's a joke, but this is going
a little too far.

S. Perhaps, for you, but not for me.
However, don't let's quarrel.

J. Good-bye, old man. A happy Christ-
mas to you!

S. And a prosperous New Year to you!

[Exeunt severally.]

REWARD FOR GALLANTRY.—What distinc-
tion is going to be conferred on Lieutenant
DE BRETT, who loaded and fired the gun at
the risk of his life when extricating the
escort retiring from Malsar? The name
"DE BRETT" is associated with "the
Peerage."

THE SENSIBLE PARTY.

["Sir MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY said they could not hope to win the elections in March while they called themselves 'Moderates.' Let them change the name. He would suggest one. Let them be the 'Sensible' Party."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHY are we so unpopular? The name is what is wrong with us.

Who could enthuse at "Moderate"? The word is stiff as starch. We must change it if we are not to be told to get along with us, And sent about our business at the polling-booths in March. An *alias* is rapidly becoming indispensable,

We want a name will rally good electors to our call. I have it! Why not dub ourselves not "Moderate" but "Sensible"?

A first-class fighting adjective that will appeal to all.

It's a charming appellation, and implies so many qualities, It means we're everything that's right and nothing that is wrong,

We have no silly fancies, no extravagant frivolities,

We are not as Progressives are—we hate the vulgar throng.

We never say, or think, or do a thing that's reprehensible,

We're patterns of the virtues, we are wise and perfect souls.

Let's call our party what it is, *videlicet*, the "Sensible,"

And take my word, we'll carry all before us at the polls.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *The School for Saints* (FISHER UNWIN), JOHN OLIVER HOBBS is tiresomely clever. This is a result largely due to the circumstance that she has deliberately founded her style upon that of the author of *Coningsby*. DISRAELI's literary style was the worst thing about his novels, a fantastic garment the wearing of which was possible only to its inventor. No one but DIZZY could have invented it, and as far as the patience of mankind stretches, none but he is endurable in the tricky spangled garb. JOHN OLIVER HOBBS, dauntless beyond compare, not only laboriously copies the manner, but brings on to her stage the man. He is a poor, padded creature, wound up to say a few guttering things, and when the too obvious machinery is exhausted, he collapses. All this is a pity, for the author of *A Sinner's Comedy*, and *Some Emotions and a Moral*, is capable of better things. This is proved in the opening scene of her latest novel, by far the best passage in a fatally ambitious effort. JOHN OLIVER should trust to herself, let herself go along her own path without attempt to tow frigates, old-fashioned or new. By the way, this erudite writer puts a familiar couplet thus:—

Souvent femme varie;
Mal habi qui s'y fie.

In my Baronite's recollection the last line runs:—

Bien fol qui s'y fie.

It is certainly a better rendering.

Those *Dreadful Twins*, on their own showing, are feeble in comparison with their elder relatives. They evidently enjoyed their own fun, and no one will begrudge them this pleasure.

An *Almanac of Twelve Sports*, by WILLIAM NICHOLSON (HEINEMANN), with words by RUDYARD KIPLING, appears in that curious revival of old, quaintly-coloured drawing which the artist affects uniquely, and so successfully. Immensely clever, but not to be recommended to anybody with anything like "a head on," in the morning after a Christmas revel.

GILBERT ABECKETT's *Comic History of England* (BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.), is by this time a Classic of Light Literature. Were our youthful students—not too youthful—to have this work put into their hands for a couple of half-hours a week, the Baron ventures to think that those possessed of any sense of humour, after reading a chapter or so, writ and illustrated by two Laughing Philosophers, would return, with increased zest, to the serious study of English history. The first volume of the *Comic History* carries us up to the coronation of HENRY THE SEVENTH, which comes as a grand finale after the theatrical, cut-and-thrust, sensational combat between RICHMOND and RICHARD THE THIRD on Bosworth Field. JOHN LEECH's illustrations, bright with colour, are very gems in this work, executed one and all of them in the genuine spirit of burlesque! True that "*rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur*," but in this instance the "*sapeur*" is the artist, who, like Billy Taylor in the ballad, is "full of mirth and full of spree," and whose work, meet it where you will, is that of a genius, and is a joy for ever. "Custom cannot stale his infinite variety." May that date be far distant in the comic history of our country when a rising generation shall be unable to enjoy the combined work of GILBERT ABECKETT and JOHN LEECH.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



PROOF.

"YOU WON'T GO IN THAT DARK ROOM ALONE BY YOURSELF, TOMMY."
"OH! WON'T I? YOU JUST COME WITH ME, AND SEE ME DO IT!"

STILL ABROAD.

Vienna.—Next morning to a bank. Find exchange office. In glass case, hermetically sealed, sits melancholy cashier. I look at him; he looks mournfully at me. He rises slowly; opens portion of glass case. He seems to be crushed by some hopeless grief. I ask him if he speaks English. I am sure I can put more sympathy into words of my own language. He answers, in a sad whisper, that he does. Then I beg him to change my circular note. I do it as gently as possible, but all the time I fear he will break down. He gazes disconsolately at me while I endorse it. I give it to him. Perhaps I ought to grasp his outstretched hand, shake it for a few moments, and murmur, "Bear up, my dear Sir, do not give way entirely." I hesitate, and the opportunity is lost. With a heart-breaking sigh, he closes the glass shutter, and totters back to his seat. I sit down, and wait silently in respectful sympathy. Take up newspaper, sadly. Peruse the Deaths.

Read, slowly, the undertaker's advertisements. Look up. He hasn't moved. Read again. Another peep. He hasn't moved yet. What can I read now? Ah, the inquests. Read them very deliberately, and peep once more. He is still there, gazing at vacancy. Perhaps I might cough gently. Try it. His mournful eyes turn reproachfully upon me. Hide my confusion behind the paper, and read about a crime. Can't wait here all day. Peep again. I believe he is going to sleep. Feel sleepy myself. Better get it over. Stand up. He sees me, and is quite overcome. He beckons to another cashier, almost as melancholy, who brings me a *bordereau*. I present this at another glass case, and a third man, equally sad, hands me my money. It is all over. I bow, in grave and sympathetic silence, to the three grief-stricken gentlemen, and they bow mournfully to me. I can hardly repress a rising sob. I hasten, past a dismal porter, into the lobby. I gladly see, written up, the word "Thiswayout," and I run down the staircase into the sunshine and fresh air. Feel happier at once. The fresh air! No wonder they are depressed. The double windows of that bank have probably never been opened since it was built.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.



THE PITFALLS OF OUR ORTHOËPY.

"WELL, DOCTOR, AND DO YOU EXPECT TO DO MUCH SLEIGHING THIS WINTER?"

CONFOUND THEIR POLITICS!

WHEN the jolly hall-clock, crowned by ivy
and holly, ticks
Merrily, cheerily, Christmastide in,
We dream for awhile we have got rid of
politics,
Prejudiced patter and partisan din.
Pooh! Not a bit of it! Fancy you're
quit of it—

The old cantankerous, rancorous rot;
Worrying wrangle and sour would-be wit
of it,
Stuff only fit for where rubbish is shot?

Nay, the ubiquitous, stupid, iniquitous,
Rantipole rigmarole rowdy and rude,
Clapperclaw lingo of Rad versus Jingo,
With vinegar, verjuice, and venom
imbued,
Never holds holiday! Faction's long folly-
day

Knows not the surcease of night and
sweet slumber.

Politics, leaving a year not one jolly day,
Now have invaded our old Christmas
Number!!!

Very Much Abroad.

Brown. I say, SMITH, you've been here
before. Tell me where I can get a first
dish of *Tête de veau*?

Smith. *Tête de veau*? Let's see, that's
"calf's head," isn't it? Well, I heard of a
place where they ought to have it good, as
they call it the *Hôtel de Veal*.

Mamma (to TINY TOT, who wants to de-
prive her younger brother of a delicacy
they have both set their hearts on). No,
darling, you must let Baby have it now,
and when he grows up, and you are a young
lady, he will have to give way to you.

Tiny Tot. Is that why Papa always has
to do as you want, Mummy?

"THE Beaver Line mail steamer *Gallia* is
bringing 400 tons of Canadian poultry for
English Christmas markets." Such a
cargo is out of the "Beaver Line." It
ought to carry "beeves" for our Christmas
market.

MOTTO FOR THE UNDEFEATED DIARIST.—
"LETTS" alone!

TO AN OLD FOGEY

Who contends that Christmas is played out.

O FRANKLY bald and obviously stout!
And so you find that Christmas, as a fête
Dispassionately viewed, is getting out
Of date.

You say it comes of moral impotence
That people loathe the thing and yet
renew it;
You can't imagine why a man of sense
Should do it.

The studied festal air is overdone;
The humour of it grows a little thin;
You fail, in fact, to gather where the fun
Comes in.

Visions of very heavy meals arise
That tend to make your organism shiver;
Roast beef that irks, and pies that agonise
The liver;

Those pies at which you annually wince,
Hearing the tale how happy months will
follow
Proportioned to the total mass of mince
You swallow.

Visions of youth whose reverence is scant,
Who with the brutal terre of boyhood's
prime
Insist on being taken to the pant-
-omime.

Visions of couples who arrange to kiss
(With no particular excuse to show)
In public places underneath the mis-
-tletoe.

Of infants, sitting up extremely late,
Who run you on toboggans down the
stair;
Or make you fetch a rug and simulate
A bear.

This takes your faultless trousers at the
knees,
The other hurts them rather more behind;
And both effect a fracture in your ease
Of mind.

All which is why you resolutely launch
Out into language of the baser sort,
Describing Christmas as an overrated
branch
Of sport.

My good dyspeptic, this will never do;
Your weary withers must be sadly wrung!
Yet once I well believe that even you
Were young.

Time was when you devoured with other
boys
Plum-pudding sequent on a turkey-hen;
And cracker-mottos hinting of the joys
Of men.

Time was when with the maidens you
would pull
The fiery raisin with profound delight;
When sprigs of mistletoe seemed beautiful
And right.

Old Christmas changes not! Long, long
ago
He won the treasure of eternal youth;
Yours is the dotage—if you want to know
The truth.

Come, now, I'll cure your case, and ask no
fee:—
Make others' happiness this once your
own;
All else may pass: that joy can never be
Outgrown!



STIRRING TIMES.

FATHER CHRISTMAS (to Messrs. "LABOUR" and "CAPITAL"). "COME, MY FRIENDS, LEND A HAND,
OR THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING WILL HAVE TO BE 'MADE IN GERMANY'!"



THE AMERICAN STYLE.

["I don't like the American style of sitting on the withers and leaning almost over the horse's ears, with a short, tight hold of the reins."]

"Is that chap comin' off, or is he tryin' the new American style?" *Sporting Weekly.*

TO A REAL BAD SHOT.

'Mid the turnips or the heather,
All your friends with truth aver
That you never touch a "feather,"
And are just as kind to "fur."

Safely might the haystack rocket
O'er your misdirected gun,
Barn-door fowls might sitting mock it—
You would miss them, ten to one.

I have seen you oft endeavour
Off the easiest shot to bring,
But, old chap, I'm sure I've never
Seen you hit a single thing.

Yet you've qualities endearing,
I have found you, I confess,
Keen, good-tempered, persevering,
Though you ne'er "command success."

Often I have heard your pleasant
Jest, by failure unrebuffed,
"If I ever kill a pheasant,
I shall have the beggar stuffed!"

And you scorn those simple ruses—
"Birds broke badly"—"got up wild"—
And the other old excuses
Over which we all have smiled.

Though the keeper you may charm less,
Bird and beast you praises swell,
Fur and feather find you harmless,
Consequently love you well.

On the moor or on the stubble
Birds resolve—I'm sure they do,
(Certain life rewards their trouble)—
Always to get up to you.

This I prove past all refuting—
You on beats you've often shot
Frequently get all the shooting—
Old birds teach the young a lot!
So, beloved of pheasant, partridge,
Hare and rabbit, snipe and duck,
Blaze away the uncounted cartridge—
Some day you may kill, with luck!



Child's Picture-Book Fairy of '97 (to ditto of '67). "DEAR ME! WHAT A VERY SHOWY YOUNG PERSON!"

THOSE PRIVATE THEATRICALS!

A LITTLE play, by no PINERO—
Yet in their old-world Georgian dress
I still can picture G., the hero,
And dainty leading lady JEAN.
How, kind or cruel, flouting, flirting,
His abject homage she exacts,
With airs and graces most diverting!

Dear JEAN, how well [I thought] she acts!

The plot was no new revelation—
Confiding hero, villain friend,
The usual old false accusation,
Triumphant virtue, happy end.
Their final love-scene—how she played it!
Not even now my pen detracts
Aught from the play's success—she
"made" it!

By Jove, how well [they said] she acts!

They played the play out some weeks after
On other stage, in other dress,
No audience, no "tears and laughter"—
When G. one day eloped with JEAN.
A tragedy you now discover,
Because—to shortly state the facts—
She'd tried to make, and made, me love
her!

Alas, how well [I know] she acts!

CURIOUS ZOOLOGICAL FACT.—At the Crystal Palace they raise the cry of "WULFF,"—a cry that appears to be generally appreciated. No Little Red Riding Hood, who, of course, is fond of equestrian scenes in a circus, need fear to visit this particular WULFF now staying at Sydenham.

SUGGESTED TITLE FOR THE SHOW AT OLYMPIA.—The Barnumberies.



THE MINISTERIAL "MIRROR OF VENUS!"

(With profound apologies to Sir Edward Burne-Jones.)

["They had never known a Government, which, if he might use the language of the street, "fancied" itself to the extent to which the present Government did. If he was to draw a fancy picture of the present Government he should paint a plain woman admiring herself in a looking-glass. The instinct was there although Nature might have denied the proper conditions for its exercise."—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech at Liverpool.]

SPECIAL INFORMATION.

In the "Notes and Queries" occupying the last pages of the interesting *Hampstead Annual for 1897* (it is edited by Mr. ERNEST RHYNS, and contains an admirable photograph of GEORGE DU MAURIER, likewise a sympathetic article by "Kiki's," or "Kicky's," friend, Canon AINGER), there occurs an inquiry, put by a "Hampstead Astronomer," as to one of the "earliest tenants" of "Jack Straw's Castle," who, it was said, was an "astronomer of some eminence." Evidently the astronomer must have been "of some eminence," since he lived on the top of Hampstead Hill. But this apart, we beg to furnish "F. F. C." with the following information:

JOHN ASTRONOMER, living in his observatory on the heights of Hampstead, was not above a jest, which, being a rich man, he could afford to make at his own expense. He originated such sayings as "Straws show which way the wind blows," "It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back," "An Englishman's house is his castle."

The country-folk about, catching at the straws above-mentioned, nicknamed his house "Jack the A-straw-nomer's Castle."

Gradually it came to be believed that JACK never existed, and that he was only "a man of straw." A generation later, an inn had been built on the site, and it was to have been called "The Castle Inn of Jack the Man of Straw." But the prudent proprietor, at whose expense the sign-board was to be lettered and painted, reduced the title to "Jack Straw's Castle." And so it remains to this day.

Something else brand new is to be learnt from a paper in this annual, namely, that KEATS was a rider to hounds. How otherwise would any one interpret the information that KEATS went to HUNT at Hampstead?

PROFESSIONAL DECEPTION.

SIR,—I do not know if your legal adviser be Mr. BRIEFLESS of Pump-Handle Court, or whether you, Mr. Punch, are willing to give me your opinion as to the moral to be derived from the recent case of MASKELYNE v. DIEBLER, and Others, where the plaintiff brought an action for libel in a newspaper in which it had been said that MASKELYNE was "accustomed to deceiving the public," or words to that effect. "But," quoth my Lord Chief of Killowen, "Mr. MASKELYNE always is deceiving the public." Well, that's true, of course, but then the public knows it is being deceived. So the action failed. Now, Sir, in consequence of the dictum of my Lord Chief, may any one write any thing he likes about Mr. MASKELYNE being "a gay deceiver"? May it be said that "Men were deceivers ever, but at the Egyptian Hall," &c., &c. In fact, is a professional conjurer, henceforth, "a chartered libertine," with permission to "take any one in and do for him" at the victim's expense? Yours, A PUZZLED CONJURER.

THIS COMES HOPE-ING.—The Bishop of St. Asaph, at a remarkably pleasant meeting of his clergy, mentioned that he had received a cheering letter from the "Rector of Hope." What a delightful title! His people all live in Hope, and he himself, being devoted to his parishioners, must be full of Hope that he will ultimately arrive at a Biahopric. His letter to his Bishop was quite in keeping with the "flattering tale" that Hope is supposed to tell. And this Hope was not disappointed.

ADVERTISER having no further use for his bottle and coral, wishes to exchange for a revolver. Would also swap perambulator for a jemmy and skeleton keys.—"Captain," Clerkenwell Gang, E.C.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING TO THE INDIAN FRONTIER TROOPS.

THERE have been great Wars and Wars,
Fighting and fighting amain,
Dead and wounded with terrible scars
Again and again and again!
For ever and ever it must be so,
Till the Time of Perfect Peace,
When the Ever-perpetual Human Woe
Is ended and battles cease!

There have been great Wars and Wars,
Wars, when our ranks were thin,
Wars, when we fought against the Stars,
But never once thought "Give in!"
Wars, when we had on every hand
A foeman to join in the fight
With the Little Isles, where stood the band
To combat for Freedom's Right.

There have been great Wars and Wars,
With the strong sweet smell of the Sea
Under splintered spars when our dauntless
tars

Would wrestle for victory!
When they strove with the courage that
all men know

Till the brine with their blood was red,
When the shattered masts and the broken
foe

Made the wave receive her dead!

There have been great Wars and Wars,
Upon Ocean, upon Land,
Contests of Neptune, contests of Mars,
That the whole wide world have spanned!
But better has ne'er man stood by man
Than the men of every hue

That guarded the gates of Hindostan
'Neath the old Red, White and Blue!
Westerns and Easterns, though all so few,
Easterns and Westerns, our watchmen
true,

We send you this greeting, *We're proud of
you!*

AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

ON THE STAIRS.

Denis (aged nine, to IDA, aged eight).
But you're not going to marry Jock, IDA?
You asked me to marry you once!

IDA. Yes; but you said not till you were
out of knickerbockers, you know, and I
couldn't wait all that time!

Denis. But you don't really love Jock,
do you, IDA?

IDA. Yes, I do. I've got to, now we're
going to be married.

Denis. But suppose Jock dies, IDA—
what will you do then?

IDA. Oh! I should go and cry over his
grave once a week.

Denis. I'd let you garden on my grave,
IDA.

Tommy (to WINNIE). No; I don't mean
to work when I grow up. When I want
any money, I shall just go to the dentist,
and have a tooth out.

Winnie. But how will that—?

Tommy. Why, don't you see? I shall
get half-a-crown every time from mother.

Winnie. But won't it hurt?

Tommy. The last one didn't a bit. Be-
sides, I can have gas. And when you lose
one tooth, another comes, you know; and
I've quite a lot to go on with.

Winnie. You'll be quite rich!

Tommy. Well, not exactly rich, but I've
calculated it out, and I think that, by the
time I'm a man, I shall have enough, with
care, to keep myself in tin soldiers.

Dorothy (pensively). Poor dear father,
he's very good and kind, and all that, you



AND YET IT WAS ONLY YESTERDAY THAT GRANDPAPA WAS COMPLAINING TO HIS LITTLE GRANDSONS THAT HE NEVER GOT REAL WINTERS LIKE HE USED TO HAVE, WITH PLENTY OF SKATING AND SLIDING. (N.B.—BUTTER-SLIDES ARE VERY EFFECTIVE.)

know—but he doesn't seem to understand things quite.

Harold. What sort of things?

Dorothy (more in sorrow than in anger).
Well, he won't let me keep my rabbits in
the drawing-room!

[*HAROLD is naturally indignant at
this instance of parental narrow-
mindedness.*]

NOTE BY A MISANTHROPIST.—How most
fools spend their Christmas—giving away
money to undeserving sycophants.

THE MOST ENJOYABLE CHOREGRAPHIC
DISPLAY AT CHRISTMAS.—The Bairn Dance.

Fished for It.

Miss Innocence (to Young BIGGLESWADE).
Do you believe in the legend of the mistle-
toe bough?

*Young Biggleswade (seizing the oppor-
tunity).* The mistletoe bow? No! But I
do in the mistletoe salute!

[*The rest is lost as completely as was the
unfortunate bride in the ballad.*]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—INJURED.
—We agree with you, but after all, your
cook's fault is a venial one; yet, to be
served with a hard-boiled egg three days
running is provoking. Ask what police-
man is on your "beat," and consult him.



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Visitor to the District (who has missed his way). "CAN YOU TELL ME, MY GOOD MAN, IF I SHALL PASS THE 'RED LION' INN ALONG THIS ROAD?"

The Village Toper. "OI WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE SAYING WUT A GEN'LEMAN LOIKE YE WUD BE DOIN'; BUT OI'M PERFECT SARTIN OI SHOULDN'T!"



How not to spend a Happy Christmas Day!

A PAIR OF "NIPPERS."—A coster's twins.

THE INVASION OF THE INFLUENZA.

"There is little doubt that London is again visited by a return of influenza in a milder form."
—Daily Paper.]

Oh! what shall I do?
Let's hope it's not true.
The doctors cut capers
To read in the papers
That we are threatened once more by the
"flu."

Oh! would I could fly
To some sunny sky—
Mentone, Minorca,
Madeira, Majorca,
Venice, or Naples in fair Italy.

Then oh! for a trip
Aboard of a ship.
Now even a tyro
Might venture to Cairo;
Had I the chance I would not let it slip.

SOME CHRISTMAS WAITS.

EVERYTHING comes to him who waits, but we're still waiting, and, it seems, likely to wait for:—

A termination of the Engineering Dispute.

A satisfactory solution of the Cretan Question.

Lord ELGIN's private views on Sir HENRY FOWLER's famous telegram.

The "general idea" of the Indian Frontier Campaign from the Afridis' point of view.

Some information as to the source whence they have obtained their Lee-Metford rifles and Dum-Dum bullets.

A nineteenth-century reason for Prince HENRY's recent extraordinary and medieval deification of "his most Serene Mighty Beloved Emperor, most powerful King, Lord and Master, and Illustrious Brother" at Kiel, in announcing his determination to preach abroad "the gospel of his Majesty's consecrated person."

An end of the DREYFUS accusations and recriminations.

Some slight return for JOHN BULL's repeated overtures of friendship and good fellowship to Uncle SAM, and a final settlement of the Seal-fisheries Question.

A proper Army (in point of numbers) to give weight to our foreign policy.

A system of illumination and purification of the London Streets, which shall be at least equal to that of the second-class European capitals.

The electric omnibuses that were promised us with such a flourish of trumpets.

A reasonable amount of fresh air in the Underground Railway.

An extinction of the paper-boys who shout "Winner!" on weekdays, and make Sunday morning hideous with their outcries.

A temporary surcease from OMAR KHAY-YAM.

A suspension of the muzzling order.

An elimination of professionalism from football, and a restoration of that game, as well as cricket, to its proper position as a mere pastime and recreation to be played, and not to be gambled on by purchasers of halfpenny papers.

A newspaper without some mention of or allusion to Klondyke.

Some news of ANDREW.

ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE KAISER.—A case of broken China.

Such longings are vain,
For I must remain
Still working in London;
But I shall be undone
If by the "flu" I'm knocked under again.



At the Fox Club, on Christmas Day! Grand Banquet, and yet, no *Meet-to-day*.

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.



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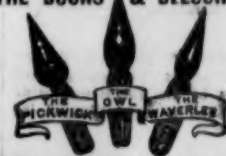
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nal* says: "Benger's Food
has by its excellence esta-
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Please forward to Balmoral
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received the box ordered
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only am I quite renovated by
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